

THE *3<sup>rd</sup> Ed.*  
ANTISATYRIST.

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A *17*  
DIALOGUE.

To which is prefixed,  
A short Dissertation on Panegyric,  
and Satyr.

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*Quanto rectius hoc quam tristi lædere Versu  
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumque ne-  
potem.*

Horat. Lib. ii. Sat. i.

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THE  
ANTISTATYRIST.

DIAPYCOU



George William and Anne, King and Queen of Great Britain  
Parliamentary Printing, Westminster, 1785.  
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A

## DISSERTATION, &amp;c.

**S**OME Readers might, probably, entertain an ill Opinion of *Mitio*, for defending Panegyric, in the following Dialogue, and for giving it the Preference above Satyr. Therefore, they are desired, before they pronounce Sentence against him, to make this material Reflexion, that there are two very different Kinds of Panegyric, *viz.* the *true* and the *false*.

False

False Panegyric is a luscious Metheglin, made of the worst of Honey, and fermented with large Handfuls of rhetorical and poetical Flowers : It is extreamly intoxicating, and only pleaseth Women and Children, or Men whose Taste resembleth theirs.

True Panegyric is a generous Stomach-Wine, which oweth its Flavour to Nature, not to Art, and is justly agreeable to the generality of Palates.

It would, therefore, be as absurd to take a Disgust at the latter, on account of its Resemblance, in Name, to the former, as it was, in a testy Gentleman, some Years ago, to kick an innocent Lap-dog out of the Room, for this only Reason, that it answered to the Name of *Walpole*.

As for Satyr, it is a sort of Worm-wood, infused, sometimes in ordinary Ale, and sometimes in choice White-wine : but, at the best, it is a disagreeable Medicine,



cine, fit for none, but squeamish, disordered Stomachs.

So much for Similies: and now, perhaps, the following Story will state the Case, between Satyr and Panegyric, in a clearer manner than a grave, elaborate Disquisition.

I read, not long since, a *Latin* Discourse, pronounced by a Physician in *Holland*, at the Inauguration of a President; in which the Orator entertained his Audience with a pompous and tragical Catalogue of the Disorders incident to human Nature, and of the terrible Devastations which had happened in the World, by Pestilences, and epidemical Sickneses, of various Kinds.

Some Time after, I chanced to assist at a Prelection, on the happy Effects of Temperance, chiefly inculcated by the remarkable Example of the famous *Cornaro*.

I leave the Reader to judge, which of those two Performances was most agreeable  
and

and improving, and to make the intended Application.

Notwithstanding what hath been said, the following Query may, possibly, be started— If Panegyric be an useful and reputable Species of Writing, how cometh it to pass, that few Authors, of any Figure, attempt it?

I think myself armed with two strong Answers, against that threatening Objection.

In the first Place, it is not essential to the Nature of Panegyric, that the Name of it should appear in large *Roman* Letters, at the Top of the Title-Page. Much of it may be daily found, in many Writers, who do not profess themselves Panegyrist, such as, Historians, Biographers, and even Poets; for no one can deny that Mr. *Addison* hath given us an excellent Panegyric on *Cato*, although the Piece which containeth it, is called a *Tragedy*. And let me observe here, *en passant*, that, to my certain Knowledge, the *English Patriot* lay under no personal Obligations

Obligations to the *Italian* one, except that of furnishing him with an advantageous Subject. But, to be serious: Supposing that they had been Contemporaries, and that the Author had received the greatest Favours from his Hero; I do not see why such a Circumstance must have depreciated the Work, if the Poet took Care not to let his Gratitude transport him beyond the Limits of undeniable Truth.

My second Answer, to the above Objection, is this: I must take Leave to say, that the Scarcity of compleat modern Characters, chiefly occasioneth the Scarcity of compleat modern Panegyrics. Thus, for Instance, neither the Life of *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, nor even that of *Peter the Great*, can properly be reduced to the Class of Panegyric; because neither of their Characters are *amiable*: There is too much Fierceness, and even some Brutality, in both: for which Reason, good Judges are of Opinion, that the Piece in Miniature, of the Elector of *Hanover*, (afterwards King *George I.*) drawn by *Voltaire*, approacheth nearer to compleat Panegyric,

Panegyric, than the glaring Picture of his favourite *Manslayer*, at full Length.

If you are not quite weary, let me mention one Instance more. The most that the exact and ingenious *Leti* can do, is to entertain us with the deep Policy, and lively Wit, of his *D'Ossuna*; but if he could (consistently with Truth) have told us, *That he was firmly attached to the Interests, both of his King, and Country; that he was a tender and generous Father, to the Neapolitans; that he made such instructive and affectionate Discourses to them (confirmed by all his Actions) as were thought worthy of being engraved, by them, in Tables of Brass; that he was their vigilant, and intrepid Guardian, in the most perilous Times; and that he was a most friendly Patron to many private Men among them, not only during his Residence there, but even after his return to Spain:* Such a Panegyric might have done more effectual Service, to succeeding Viceroys, than all the angry Declamations of Satyrists, against inactive, or iniquitous Governors.



THE

## ANTISATYRIST, &amp;c.

MITIO and DEMEA.

*Mitio.*

WHAT Object tempts my serious  
Friend to smile?

*Demea.* Those Shelves of *Moralists*, in  
Rank and File.

Here *Seneca*, there *Plato* shines in State;  
And various *Satyrists*, of various Date.  
Are they design'd for Ornament alone,  
Like gilded Lions, to some Monarch's  
Throne?

Or

Or furbish'd Muskets, round a rural Hall,  
Chain'd, and forbid the Use of wrathful Ball ?

*Mitio.* I oft peruse those Sages.

*Demea.* To what end ?

*Mitio.* To learn my many Foibles, and  
amend.

*Demea.* A narrow Motive ! Doth *Ma-*  
*chaon* read,

Only to cure himself, in case of Need ?

Or lives *Sanctorius* in his pensile Chair,

Merely to settle his own *Bill of Fare* ?

What gen'rous Good can hidden Knowledge  
boast ?

Dark Lanterns guide one selfish Man, at most.

'Tis Time to draw the Pen : this harden'd Age

Requires severest Strokes from Satyr's Rage,

*Mitio.* If th' Age be hard'ned, useless is  
the Toil :

No Culture meliorates a rocky Soil.

When Fools their Blemishes in Satyr view,

They swear th' offensive Mirror is untrue ;

Or think it shews some Zany, at their Side ;

And turn, and point him out, with sneering

Pride.

And

Rome gladly saw her *Perfius* storm and foam;  
But *Perfius* made no Profelytes, at home.

France loves *Boileau* ; and conscious *Britain*  
pays

A civil Homage to *Young*'s chiding Lays :  
Yet count the Product of their honest Pains :  
It just amounts to—some Booksellers' Gains.  
In vain that Post tries his utmost Skill,  
Who probes a Nation's Wounds, against it's  
Will.

He may, *Drawcanfir* like, engage, alone,  
With num'rous Troops, and think the Day  
his own :

The Farce once ended, ev'ry prostrate Foe  
Laughs and starts up again, *in statu quo*.

*Demea*. Grant all you say ; th' attempt  
were good and great :

Apply the *Caustic* ; leave the Cure to Fate,

*Mitio*. But say, what happy Satyrist can  
claim

The Privilege of unmolested Fame ?

How sily, then, may each licentious Fool

Turn wisest Lectures into Ridicule ?

'Twere

'Twere Insolence, in *Egypt's* swarthy Race,  
To be offended at a *Nubian* Face.

*Demea.* May none, but chaste *Hippolytus*, reprove  
Shameless *Domitian*, for incestuous Love ?  
Must *Aristides* rise up from the Grave,  
To dare maintain that *Verres* is a Knave ?  
Though *surplic'd* Orators, who combat Sin,  
Sometimes appear deform'd and black,  
within,  
Must Pulpits cease ?

*Mitio.* Such Reas'ning is unjust.  
Those *Censors* must discharge their publick  
Trust.

At Vices, by supream Command, they rail ;  
Tho' mortal, and, like other Mortals, frail.  
But who commission'd us, with flaming Pen,  
To stigmatize unhappy, thoughtless Men ?  
Our proper Test of Zeal, for Virtue's Cause,  
Is—strict Adherence to her sacred Laws.  
Theft I abhor ; yet I shall never choose  
To doom a Caitiff to the *fatal Noose*.  
Let *Jury-men* pronounce the *harsh Decree*,  
And do that useful Drudgery for me :

But



But let me still this fav'rite Rule retain—  
*Never to give, my Fellow-creature, Pain.*  
*Caracatura*, or a *Droll*, are fit  
 Only, to please a gross *Batavian* Wit.  
*Distorted Figures* shock all tender Eyes ;  
 But fair Portraits strike, with fond Sur-  
 prize :  
 Their graceful *Attitudes* teach how to please ;  
 And mend our *awkward Postures*, while we  
 gaze.

*Demea*. I find *smooth Panegyric* is your  
 Aim :

Then, bid adieu to ev'ry Glimpse of Fame.  
 A second *Trajan* must adorn this Age,  
 To animate a second *Pliny's* Page.

*Mitio*. 'Tis granted that, who *Tyranny*  
 commends,  
 Must plead, like *Waller*, just, prudential  
 ends :

And long *Encomiums*, on a scepter'd Fool,  
 Proclaim their Author, *Highest Folly's Tool*.  
 But, though few *Plinies* durst attempt to  
 write,  
 Since *Critics* grew, in Number, Skill, and  
 Spite ;

Re-

Reluctant Malice is compell'd to own  
 Successive *Trajans* on the *British* Throne.

Would the same friendly Hand my Pencil  
 guide,  
 Which gave her Art to *Sallust* and to *Hyde* ;  
 I'd draw a *Patriot* of illustrious Birth ;  
 Ennobled, less by Blood, than real Worth ;  
 In whom all social Virtues—

*Demea*. Haste to *France* :  
 There, learn to dress an Hero, in *Romance*.  
 Or if you deem such *meagre Food* too light,  
 To entertain our *manly Appetite* ;  
 Make honest \* *Jones* a Minister of State.  
 Doubtless, that *Phantom* will reform the  
*Great*.

*Mitio*, Are all Descriptions of a spotless  
 Heart,  
 No more than *Creatures* of poetic Art ?  
 Ungrateful

\* *An ill-natured Sarcastm, from peevish  
 Demea : for none, but an ignorant and pre-  
 tending Sign-dawber, would presume to make  
 Alterations, in a most celebrated and com-  
 pleat Original.*

Ungrateful *stoic Spleen* ! reflect a while—  
 Have you forgot the \* *Titus* of our Isle ?  
 Could any length of Time efface—

*Demea.* I yield

To uncontested Truth, and quit the Field.  
 Just Panegyric, on that matchless Theme,  
 Might even Kings, some *reading Kings*,  
 reclaim.

\* *The famous Roman Prince of that Name, was not only the Idol of the Nation, in general ; but had even the difficult and happy Art, of making the Populares and Optimates (the Whigs and Tories of those Days) unite, in their Esteem and Affection towards him, and their Approbation of his excellent Government.*

F I N I S.

Ungrateful Fate & slow I roll'd a while—  
Have you forgot the \* Time of our life?  
Could any length of Time efface—

Down. I yield  
To unconquered Time, and quit the Field.  
Just Panegyric, on that matchless Theme,  
Might even Kings, some warring Kings,  
reclaim.

\* The famous Roman Times of that  
Name, was not only the Field of the Nation,  
in general; but had even the different and  
happy Arts of making the Romans and  
Optimates (the Whigs and Tories of those  
Days) unite, in their Liberty and Affection  
towards him, and their Affection of his  
Excellent Government.